

Got That Summertime Sadness by Heartithateyou

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Billy is helping Steve watch the nerd squad at the his pool and really wishes Steve didn't look so good in his swimsuit.

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“I still have no idea how I got roped into this.” He mutters for the twentieth time, taking a sip of the lemonade he had spiked from Steve’s parents bar.

He looked at the scene around him, Max and Lucas appeared to be winning a game of chicken against Will and Mike in the pool while El sat on the pool, explaining something to Steve who was in the water.

He can’t believe he had agreed to help Steve babysit the brats, but Max had given him a look that said it would be easier to give in than to argue.

And honestly, it was a little hard to say no to Steve.

He had been trying to keep his distance from the other man since he had beat the other man senseless and early gotten a baseball bat to the dick, but for some reason it was fucking impossible.

He thought Steve would want to stay as far away from him as possible, but they ran into each other more and more dropping off the geek squad members and weirdly had become...friends? Joint babysitters? Confidants?

It was a weird relationship, but he wasn’t exactly going to argue. To be honest, Steve was the closest thing he had with a friend and he didn’t realize how lonely he had been without one.

But this fucked up friendship would be so, so much easier if he didn’t have the biggest hard on for the other man.

And like feelings too and stuff.

It was so inconvenient and the last thing he wanted. When he had left California, he had promised he was going to keep himself safely locked in the closet, away from all those feelings that had fucked up his life.

But instead Steve came crashing into his closet like a motherfucking kool-aid man with a stupid pompedor haircut.

Which definitely did not look hot right now slicked back from the water.

“Hey, Hargrove! Get your head out of the clouds!” He hears Dustin yell as he’s suddenly splashed in the face with water.

“You are so dead!” He growls as he jumps off the chair, straight into the pool.

“Steve, Steve help me!” He hears Dustin yell as he scrambles towards the other end of the pool.

“Steve can’t help you now!” He says with a laugh as he nears the kid.

“That’s what you thought!” He hears Steve yell as he suddenly feels the other man tackle him from the side into the water.

He’s stunned for a moment in the water, both surprised from the ambush and from how good Steve’s arms feel wrapped around him. His arms feel strong and muscular around him, and he feels his hands drift down to the other man’s back reflexively. He holds on, just for a second, revelling in how good it feels to be in this embrace, even under the false circumstances.

He must have stayed still a moment too long, because he suddenly feels Steve pulling him back up to the air.

“Sorry, did I hurt?” Steve asks, his brow furrowed with concern.

“I’m peachy fucking keen Harrington.” He says, pushing Steve away, probably harder than he should have.

“Oh, what the fuck?” Steve asks, rubbing the spot where he hit him. “What was that for?”

“Don’t fucking put your hands on me pretty boy, what the fuck is wrong with you?” He asks, hoisting himself out of the pool and storming inside the house.

He knows he’s overreacting and being ridiculous but he feels like his brain is running at a million miles a minute and all his thoughts come back to Steve.

“What the fuck Hargrove?” He hears behind him.

He turns and sees Steve stalking into the living room, still wearing those fucking short shorts that make his mind go to very low places.

“You stalking me now pretty boy?” He asks, trying to keep his eyes focused on his face and not down to his shorts again.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Steve asks, getting close to his face.

“Nothing is wrong me with Harrington, maybe I just don’t want your hands all over me.” He says, even though he knows the problem is he wants it too much.

“No, its more than that, you randomly just go off on me for no fucking reason, all the time!” Steve says, his cheeks growing pink from yelling.

“Just stop-stop it! Just stop doing what you’re doing!” He stutters out, wanting more than anything to run out of the room.

“What way, what the fuck am I doing Billy? It feels like no matter what, somehow you get pissed off. I’m nice to you, I’m a dick to you, I ignore you, somehow it all pisses you off! I was trying to be your friends for fucks sake, and somehow you still hate me! What the fuck do you want from me?” Steve asks, getting so close to him he can see the water droplets in his hair.

Before he even knows what he’s doing, he’s crashing into the other man’s lip and kissing him like a desperate man. Its rough and intense and slick and all he wants is more, more, more.

Then he suddenly remembers where he is, in a bumfuck state, kissing a guy who was completely straight and would probably rat him out the second this ends.

He pulls away suddenly, trying to blink back the tears forming in his eyes.

“You, I fucking want you! And I fucking hate it! I don’t want to be this way and I don’t want to want you, but I fucking do!” He sobs

out, trying not to let tears escape and look like even more of a pussy.

“Billy...” Steve says gently, looking frozen in his spot.

“I’m sorry, okay? I’m fucking sorry. Please don’t tell anyone, please-” He says, hating himself as a tear leaks out of his eye.

“Billy, Billy, calm down.” Steve says, finally breaking out of his trance and enveloping him in a hug.

“I’m sorry-” He starts again before Steve cuts him off.

“You have nothing to be sorry for Billy, I promise you. I would never tell anyone, not even if I wasn’t crazy about you.” Steve says gently as he rubs his back.

“You... did you say you were crazy about me? Or not not crazy about me?” He asks, too scared to believe what he’s hearing.

“I am totally and completely crazy about you. Sorry about the double negative, I think that made it sound more confusing than it was supposed to. And now I’m having to explain it which is hardly romantic.” Steve says with a nervous chuckle.

“It’s very romantic. Although fuck double negatives, they are confusing. So like wanna go to your room and make out some more?” He asks, giving Steve a soft smile.

“Oh, and I’m the romantic one?” Steve asks with a laugh.

“I mean, I guess I am too. No wonder you’re crazy about me.” He says, pulling Steve close and pressing their heads together.

“Completely crazy.”

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading! Feel free to leave notes!!